IN THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

In the Garden of the Lord.

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LAST night,
I dreamed
the Master
came to me
and gently said,-

"Beloved, lay thy cross
aside, and come
with Me awhile,
For I would have thee
rest within
the Garden
of the
Lord."

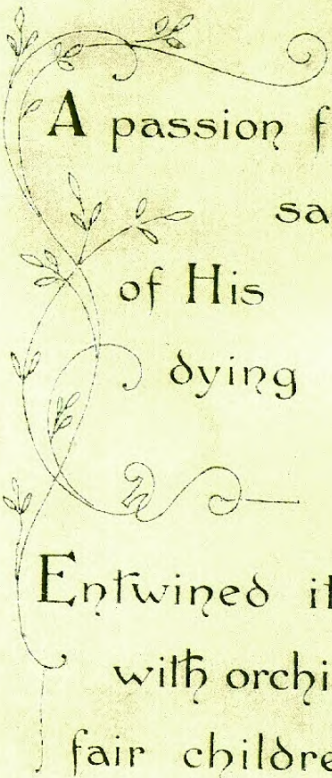
And then

He took my
trembling hand,
and led me thro'
the gloom—

Until we came to
where a
massive gateway
barred our path.

The gates were closed –
but opened
at the Master's
sweet command.

We entered,
and the shadows fled
before His
radiant smile.


A passion flower,
sad symbol
of His
dying agony,
Entwined itself
with orchids rare,
fair children
of the air.

While velvet pansies,
clothed in royalty—
together grew

with Lovely,
clinging,
pink and white
sweet-peas.

Oh, vision rapturous!
Can words be found,
to tell how fair!
Ten thousand roses
beckoned with Love's
crimson hue,

And round about
our feet,
the violets
nestled in their
purple grief.

And close
beside, the
lilies of
the valley
bent in
sweet
humility.

And everywhere
the tender grass,
a carpet
soft
and
cool.

And often as we passed, the Master's hand with loving touch
Did rest upon some drooping flower,
And lo! at once it seemed refreshed.
At last we came to where a stately lily stood.

Its snowy crown
uplifted
like a chime
of silver bells.

We closer drew,
and then I saw,
alas! how
here and there,

A petal fair was
torn and brown,
as though by some
rude wind, or
scorching heat.

I wondered greatly
at the sight,
then turned,
the question on
my lips,—

When suddenly there rose a storm, So fierce, that every flower in the garden bent its head.

And then a shower of flaming arrows, hurled by shadowy forms

Outside the garden's
ivy-covered walls,
rained down upon the
lilies,—while I
clung in terror to my
Heavenly Guide.

A moment only did
the storm
prevail,—
and then I
heard the
Master's
"Peace,
be still!"

The tempest
ceased and there
was calm.

The wondrous light
grew dim,
the garden vanished,
and I woke.

The Master had not
spoken thus, and yet
I seemed to know,

The fair dream-garden
was a picture of
His "little ones."

He neither sleeps
nor slumbers
in His watch-care
over these.

And then the thought-
If in this garden
I might choose my
place, would I be like
the rose?

Ah no! lest in my passionate
zeal To show by
works my heart of love,
I should forget the thorns,
Dear Lord, and wound
Thy loving hand.

Ah, then - perhaps
I would
the lily
be,

and sound Thy
blessed Truth
o'er land and sea
in clear-toned eloquence.

Ah no, - I might not
bear the storms that
beat upon the one
whose head

Thou hast uplifted
far above his
fellows, -
And a shining mark
for Satan's darts.

And thus I thought
on each and all
that garden's lovely
ones,—

Then cried—
"My blessed Lord,
if I might choose,
oh, let me be the
tender grass.—

That I may rest
and soothe
Thy weariness,—

A lowly place,
safe sheltered
from the wind and
fiery dart,—

What rapture this,
to lay down life
itself beneath Thy
feet.

we would hold on and wait for the mercies the Lord thus prepares us to receive.

It would be rather unsafe, we think, for any of the "new creation" to make request for temporal blessings. "After all those things do the Gentiles seek." (Matt. 6:32) They seek those things because they know not of and appreciate not the higher and better, the spiritual things. Spiritual Israelites are exhorted by the Lord to appreciate the spiritual clothing, the spiritual food, the heavenly riches, which moth and rust cannot corrupt, and to seek for these.

The Master tells us what we may freely ask, what we may be assured that the heavenly Father will be very willing to grant to us, though he bear long with us, though he give it gradually to us, and not perhaps as rapidly and as fully as we request it. His words are: "If ye, then, know how to give good gifts [earthly gifts] unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to them that ask him." (Luke 11:13) The holy Spirit is the spirit of love—to God and to man. It cannot be given to us under present conditions except gradually, as the old selfish, wrong spirit is deposed from our hearts. This, therefore, must be continually our prayer to the end of life's journey, that we might be filled with the spirit of the Lord, and thus praying means that we will be thus laboring day by day, and that the Lord will continually bless us, giving us the fruits of his spirit in our hearts and in our lives more and more, its joy and peace and blessing.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

Last night I dreamed the Master came to me and gently said,
"Beloved, lay thy cross aside and come with me awhile,
For I would have thee rest within the garden of the Lord."
And then he took my trembling hand and led me through the gloom
Until we came to where a massive gateway barred our path.
The gates were closed, but opened at the Master's sweet command.
We entered, and the shadows fled before his radiant smile.
Oh, vision rapturous, can words be found to tell how fair!
Ten thousand roses beckoned with Love's crimson hue, and round
About our feet the violets nestled in their purple grief.
A passion flower, sad symbol of his dying agony,
Entwined itself with orchids rare, fair children of the air;
While velvet pansies, clothed in royalty, together grew
With lovely, clinging, pink and white sweetpeas, and close beside
The lilies of the valley bent in sweet humility;
And everywhere the tender grass—a carpet soft and cool.

And often as we passed, the Master's hand with loving touch
Did rest upon some drooping flower, and lo! at once it seemed
Refreshed. At last we came to where a stately lily stood,
Its snowy crown uplifted like a chime of silver bells,
Whose swaying filled the garden with a fragrance sweet and rare.
We closer drew, and then I saw, alas! how here and there
A petal fair was torn and brown, as though by some rude wind
Or scorching heat. I wondered greatly at the sight, then turned,
The question on my lips,—when suddenly there rose a storm
So fierce that every flower in the garden bent its head;
And then a shower of flaming arrows, hurled by shadowy forms
Outside the garden's ivy-covered walls, rained down upon
The lilies, while I clung in terror to my heavenly Guide.
A moment only did the storm prevail, and then I heard
The Master's "Peace, be still!" The tempest ceased and there was calm,
The wondrous light grew dim, the garden vanished,—and I woke.

The Master had not spoken thus, and yet I seemed to know
The fair dream-garden was a picture of his "little ones,"
(He neither sleeps nor slumbers in his watch-care over these).
And then the thought,—if in this garden I might choose *my* place,
Would I be like the *rose?* Ah, no! lest in my passionate zeal
To show by works my heart of love, I should forget the thorns,
Dear Lord, and wound thy loving hand! Ah, then, perhaps I would
The *lily* be, and sound thy blessed truth o'er land and sea
In clear-toned eloquence. Ah! no, I might not bear the storms
That beat upon the one whose head thou hast uplifted far
Above his fellows,—and a shining mark for Satan's darts!
And thus I thought on each and all that garden's lovely ones,
Then cried, "My blessed Lord, if I might choose, oh, let me be
The tender *grass*, that I may rest and soothe thy weariness,—
A lowly place, safe sheltered from the wind and fiery dart,—
What rapture this—to lay down life itself beneath thy feet."

—*G. W. Seibert*, Sept. 30, 1905.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS

1 CORINTHIANS 10:23-33.—NOVEMBER 26.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*"—1 Cor. 10:12.

By common consent this date is recognized as Temperance Sunday throughout the civilized world. No true child of God could feel indifferent in respect to a matter of such vital importance to our race. Undoubtedly the drinking habit is a cause of much of the woe of the world, and hence whoever is on the Lord's side, however is striving as one of the royal priesthood to remember the injunction, "Be clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord's house," must feel his responsibility to this question in respect to his own person and the example of his daily life upon others. Whoever realizes that the whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain together and longs for the time to come when he may, in association with his Redeemer, roll back from the world the weaknesses of heredity and bind Satan and estop the course of sin and temptation, such an one, truly, heartily and sympathetically entering into these hopes set before us in the Gospel, will surely be in sympathy with every reasonable and legitimate means used in opposition to the great drink evil, which, as a brood of fiery serpents, is biting the world of mankind and causing all kinds of trouble, mental, moral and physical.

Were there no more important work for the saints to do undoubtedly it would be the will of the Lord that we should engage our talents largely in combating this terrible drink evil. But while seeing still more important work for the Lord's ambassadors to engage in, it is eminently proper that we should let it be known on suitable occasions that our sympathies are with those who are fighting in a legitimate manner this hideous monster, and that our non-participation is not from lack of sympathy with the cause, but because, from our standpoint of view, there is a still greater, still grander and still more important work to be done in the proclamation of the good tidings of reconciliation to those who have an ear to hear our message now and ultimately to all the families of the earth. We trust that every one who has by the grace of God learned of present truth, and whose conceptions of divine mercy have been enlarged through a grander view of the divine plan, feels an increasing opposition to everything and every influence working in the world contrary to righteousness, purity, truth, and tending to further degrade our sadly fallen race. The clearer our view of the divine plan the more intense should be our feeling of opposition to everything sinful and contrary to that plan. The more we appreciate our God and are consecrated to his cause, the more we must be opposed to the adversary of souls and opposed to everything which is injurious to our fellows.

THE SCOPE OF THIS STUDY

We are glad that those entrusted with the arrangement of these International Bible Lessons have chosen an apostolic exhortation which is applicable to temperance in every proper sense of the word. It is applicable not only to food and drink and clothing, but to every interest and affair of life; even as the Lord's people, consecrated to do his will, are exhorted that whether they eat or drink or whatever they do all should be done to the glory of the Lord. We have the declaration that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, and we assume that intemperance on other lines would equally prove in the Lord's sight a lack of proper character on our part that would bar us from a share in the kingdom, and that therefore with equal propriety we might say, No glutton shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Neither those who devote their lives to fashion and folly, dress and frivolity.

The Lord is seeking for the kingdom class persons of character, and has arranged that those who hear his message of grace in the present time and are accepted of him through consecration shall sacrifice their own wills, the will of the flesh, to do the Lord's will, and therefore to no longer surrender themselves to gluttony or drunkenness or fashionable folly. The Lord is seeking those who surrender themselves to